FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

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Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

CURRENT PROBLEMS LIKE SMILING

Considering the stresses and strains a human life is not only open but apparently heir to, it is surprising that any of us succeed in hanging onto the serenity which makes all things bearable, even such inevitabilities as the passing of time, the ceaseless changing of everything, including ourselves, and death.

It is possible that these inevitabilities, tragic though we regard them, provide us with satisfactions richer than we realize and deeper than we can know for the simple reason that they are inseparable from life—they *are* life, they are what it feels like, they are what it means to be alive, as marvelously fated as the stages of development in a chrysallis from cocoon to the end. Realizing that we are unable to escape them, we bow before them with a grace that comes naturally.

Avoidable difficulties and dooms we don't put up with quite so nicely. I have seen a mosquito spoil a pleasant woman's evening on the front porch, a cross voice on the telephone spoil a good day's work, the mere thoughtlessness of a stranger in the seat ahead of me spoil the performance of a masterpiece, *Otello* or *Cosi fan tutte*. Minor annoyances, all of them. But I have also listened to the confessions of a friend who knows he's got to change his life or lose his job, home, wife, children, self-respect and future and hope—and watched him, scarcely an hour later, dash off, seemingly without a thought, to the doom that I know from his own lips he can see so clearly and wants to avoid so sincerely. I have watched others, as proud as Lucifer, go down to death rather than admit their desperate need of help. I have seen some fall apart from despair, others from boredom, and others from laziness, noticing how these afflictions, so strikingly similar to each other, spread through the victims like the grossest disease; dissipation, too. And the cries of desperation and self-pity I have had to hear

as a result. The ability of human beings to create their own difficulties is no news. All we can do, really, is offer them help as and when they allow us to, endure their howls (which, after all, are only another form of prayer), offer some prayers of our own, and leave them to God. Other people's disasters make unpleasant surroundings, but it is only wise to remember that important lessons can be learned from them—winners have always won by keeping an eye on the losers.

Suppose that, for the time being, anyhow, you have survived your own destructiveness and come out somehow on the other side of crisis—your children are gone, your home is almost paid for, your future is guaranteed against everything but the inevitabilities. Nowadays this can happen when you are not old. The so-called golden years lie ahead of you farther than the eye can see, beautiful, a harvest you have earned.

Strangely enough, this seems to be a dangerous and vulnerable situation to be in nowadays. Irritations pile up. Not just the various cross-purposes of every day, but prices and the war and the President or the Democrats or the Chinese or the Russians. Nowadays an awful lot of life is said to be "too much," even people. Life seems to have soured. This probably explains the 'Smile' buttons on everyone's lapel. It must be back of the slogan that's on everybody's lips—"This is the first day of the rest of your life." For we know we are going through the Great Depression of '71 and we are beginning to see that our depression is spiritual more than it is economic. It is obviously the dire effect of our loss of stillness—of our connection with God.

The record of this country contains many tragedies, from *Moby Dick to The Wasteland* and *A Long Day's Journey Into Night.* But it also has something to show that is peculiarly American, and that is joy. Joy flows in Whitman and Mark Twain and our native music and, especially, in those great exuberant pictures of joy that the much-misunderstood abstract painters have produced. The wonderful whirl of being alive seems to me to have been captured in Jackson Pollock's famous paintings, and in Rothko's glowing hues I can see portraits of stillness itself, as vibrant as

the atom in its secrecy and quietude.

Knowing that joy and stillness *once* existed constitutes a promise for our current hard times. The promise is hopeful if we understand that their return to our lives in the future depends on ourselves. We create our days. What our days amount to is a measure of us. So let's bow to the inevitabilities and then be strong and avoid the avoidable dooms and refasten our connections to our inmost lives. Once we are sure of them again, no one will feel obliged to remind us to smile—for we will be enjoying the real joy of life and we will be smiling on account of it.

—P. G.

HARMONIOUS *Leonard Opalov*

A translucent window's
benevolent view
sparkles with diamonds
of lingering dew.

A little peach pot
with vivid green leaves
speaks of black earth
and rebirth.

A small pearly vase
with colorful flowers
embraces with beauty
the blessed hours.

"Awake...and Christ shall give thee light."

A MONUMENT IN GETTYSBURG

Catherine Cabeen Houck

In June of this year, Louisiana placed a monument in Gettysburg National Park commemorating her men who, more than a hundred years ago, had taken part in that three-day battle.

One of the organizations dedicated to the memory of men who served the South in that long-deplored war had notified us in the spring that this event was scheduled. I had looked forward with anticipation to seeing old friends and meeting new ones, for although I have not lived in Louisiana for many years it is still "home."

The unveiling ceremony was a particularly colorful one—bunting and flags, several hundred women in gay summer dresses, men in uniform, wreaths of flowers, amid the deep green of trees. There was a short address by Governor McKeithen, others from leaders, sponsors, the sculptor Donald De Lue; there was the placing of the memorial wreaths, artillery salute, retiring of the colors, all in a quiet setting on a peaceful afternoon.

From my first glimpse of the figure as it was unveiled I was struck with a new sense of death. Here was a young soldier, ragged, shoeless, lying prostrate—and yet he did not seem dead. A smile on his face seemed to give a transfigured light to his countenance. I could turn and look toward the wheat field and

little orchard and remember other occasions when I had been unconsoled at the thought of lives lost here. But when I turned again to the figure I saw for the first time that death could be the greatest experience one could ever have. Here was what Christ had promised, no darkness, no tears, but a peaceful reunion with loved ones as if one was returning home from a long absence.

The young boy was lying facing the sky, behind him rose a laurel tree in which the sculptor had placed two nesting doves. Over all was the Angel With The Trumpet. The folds of his robe, the perfect symmetry of his figure, gave balance to the whole. In his upheld right hand was a torch, while with his left hand he held the trumpet to his lips.

Taps was sounded with the echo coming from the nearby woods. Then it was as if I saw the soldier's smile grow stronger and his eyes open with pleased surprise as if he was listening to a different sound of music.

The Notes Are Not For Taps

The roar of guns has ceased and in its place
The call of doves is heard from laurel tree.
Now rest awhile, a shadow on your face,
Then wake again in light that sets you free.
Green grass will cool your weary, aching feet,
Still waters quench your thirst, restore your soul.
Now soon your eyes will open as you meet
Young comrades come to answer a new roll.
Be not afraid of dark, the torch gives light,
Your way will be made quickly through the vale
For in celestial glow there is no night
Nor does the brightness of the day grow pale.
The trumpet-call sounds forth in victory
The notes are not for Taps, but Reveille.

TO ALL EARTH'S CHILDREN *by Emily Sargent Councilman*

Loving my child, I know,
To all earth's children everywhere,
My heart must surely go.

My God *is* love. And He
Not only loves His Son, our Christ,
But all humanity.

ANSWER TO ELIZABETH *by Emily Sargent Councilman*

Your letter came—
your choice is made
to stay half a world away
where others' human needs press you to share
your bread and roof to come, and trees
growing older, old.

I dare not say,
"But first come back once more."
I'll not ask to see your lighted face again,
knowing the westering road you step
will travel far and free for you,
for me.

I'll breathe
the sea-blown winds you breathe,
see the sun-drenched sky you see,
and touch, with love, the scars and dreams
of those who walk with you—
and me.

THE JEWISH HOLIDAY OF SUKKOS

Samuel M. Silver

The holiday of Sukkos (SOOK-us) is one of the ways that the Jewish people say thank-you to God. It is a holiday which comes in the autumn, when nature is very pretty: with brown, yellows, reds, violets, and purples on the trees and in the fields. Thousands of years ago the Jewish farmers created this holiday because they wanted to say thanks to the Lord for the beauty around them and because it was a time when they rested up a bit before they got to work on gathering in the autumn harvest.

In your Bible you can read about Sukkos in the Book of Leviticus, Chapter 23, the Book of Exodus, Chapter 23, and the Book of Numbers, Chapter 29.

Sukkos is a Hebrew word which means tents or huts. The holiday is connected also with the time when the Jews were in the desert. For forty years they lived in tents as they traveled to the land of freedom, and during all that time the Lord protected them. So they declared a holiday, which they called Sukkos—huts, sometimes known as tabernacles.

Sukkos stands for so many things that it is celebrated for a week, for eight days by more traditional Jews. An extra day has been added, too. It is called Simchas Torah, the Joy of Learning, and on that day the last chapters of the Books of Moses are read in the synagogue, and then immediately the first chapters are read—to show that one must never stop learning to do the right thing.

On Sukkos it is the custom to build a hut outside one's home or in or near the synagogue, to remind one that the ancient Jews actually lived in these skimpy things as they marched toward freedom. The hut, or *sukkah*, is open at the top so that one can see the open sky, and it is decorated with the fruits and foliage of the autumn season. The little hut also reminds us of the fact that many people do not have decent houses in which to live.

Sukkos is, therefore, a time when people are urged to make gifts to the poor and help to find ways of putting an end to poverty.

Our Thanksgiving Day in the United States was modeled after Sukkos by the Pilgrims, who loved the Bible. The Pilgrims felt they were like the Jews of olden times because they too left a land of bondage and wandered over unknown territory toward a land of promise and freedom. So when they got over a very hard time they proclaimed a feast of thanks to God, like Sukkos. They were going to make Thanksgiving on Sunday, but they wanted it to be separate from their own Sabbath. They thought of making it on Saturday, but remembered this was the Jewish Sabbath. They decided not to make it on Friday, either, since that was the Mohammedan Sabbath. So they chose Thursday, a day when people of all faiths could have an extra celebration. Sukkos and Thanksgiving remind us that we prove how mature we are by the speed with which we say thanks and by the ways we show our gratitude for the many blessings we enjoy.

ALLURING *Leonard Opalov*

Fragrant days
are a blessing.
We accept them
in delightful embrace,
as beautiful
as laced doilies
on top of well-lit
lamp tables,
and long white drapes
adorning spacious windows.
They persist in our memories
long after the event.

WORLD OF AWAKENING

H. G. Woods

It was after the time that I had suffered shock caused mostly by hardship—a time of adversity, that I experienced a trance state of being.

I was stunned by some external force. The doctor was called, and sat by my bedside saying I was in a period of change. He made no other diagnosis, nor did he offer medication. He looked puzzled. Months later when we met one day on the street, I asked what the charge was for the call to visit me. He said, "There is no charge." He had been unable to fully diagnose my illness and knew it.

For several days I lay in this dilemma. In this chaotic state I visioned a green valley of peace. The scene, an apparition, appeared to be a new growth of grain. I saw myself leaving the old premise of unreality to enter a newfound fold. I was semi-conscious, asking no outside help whatever the cost.

For me this was a period of transition between the real and the unreal. I was in a world divided—a trance, numb to sensitivity, as if in a state of hypnotism or mesmerism. I recall having walked around the room as if a heavy weight on my head were pressing me into a finite object. I was unable to communicate, being so constrained.

Gradually while release came from this coercion, I saw an illumination like an orange flame of long duration. This renewed my mind's eye, and I could see in a world never before known. The realm of fleshly coexistence vanished, and I saw with clearer eyes and voiced almost prophetically the dawn of a new era.

I distinguished clearly between the true and the false, as light is distinguished from darkness. A psychic, physical, and chemical transformation was taking place within this period of change.

I lived awhile with an irresistible urge to prove a fact —I longed for truth in its entirety. I began to analyze my experience and the cause of blocked desires that had obstructed my way, but now I saw clearly the pathway illuminated. I reflected on the statement that "the most consistent thing in human nature is its inconsistency." Yes, inconsistency had seemed to swallow me, yet I learned true meaning in a void of doubt and discouragement. I pondered on the years of injustice and understood why the tears rushed in. I saw the barren acres of my wasted years to be sown, these with my two hands and the will to persevere.

Mine had been a visionary experience. It should bring me back to the fold and mold my future, never to return to the present. I must bring harmony into my life out of chaos, from asymmetry to shape and form, and realize joy and happiness in the work of my head and hands for their own sake, whether or not I received recognition or any one in the future remember my name.

The spiritual sign had been made manifest in the forehead. I had a mission to perform and was "called."

But I was yet to meet the test which would confirm my stand on the rock of truth. To meet this test I must wear the armor of faith and be healed by the omnipotent deliverer.

Poetry as a gift to me would be vital to win the victory. As George Abbe says in his treatise, "Poetry delivers us, not out of obligation and of fellowship, but into it." This was the integral part of my mission, to find kinship with fellow men— to bring health back into my life and to meet life as a challenge.

Living in a world today, ill, with many conflicts, some folks fail to find mental health by reason of their failure to adjust their lives outwardly and by excluding the deeply inward. They occupy a half-world between the fixations of habit

and distortion.

Many poets must make this adjustment of living outwardly. They are sometimes considered odd and anti-social, but few realize the risk they confront and the strain under which they labor. Some poets are willing to meet the severest test to prove their responsible position among their fellow men. And this by virtually living to the fullest extent of their desire.

From this point, low on the ladder of life, poets hope to aspire, to become whole—at one with the universal voice. The poet not only knows his moral obligation to fellow men, but has lived the moral and ethical experience that integrates him into the total of oneness. He reaches the peak of understanding and is spiritually ordained.

This spiritual dedication of which I have spoken is the sublime realm in which the poet finds release and becomes purified, as have some of our foremost poets—William Wordsworth, Emily Dickinson, John Donne, William Blake, Walter de la Mare, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

These poets helped themselves and were able to help others because they crossed over and took us into the nuances of ultimate reality. For me this is a new world of awakening.

The poet is the final realist and has seen far into the beyond. When our Lord has reset his star in his forehead, he is ever conscious of his calling—the high calling to accept with dedication and humility to enter into another world of insight. He is the prophet and seer of events to come. He is called to emerge from his spiritual archives, release his communication, and walk among the common people.

Yes, the poet's time was near, and I was coming into my own. I had found my star and was reaching for it.

I found Him very easily among the pots and pans. St. Theresa

IT IS NIGHT *Loreta Inman*

Where did the daylight go
When sunset lost its glow?

Only the sun will know
Where sweeping shadows flow

Into the night.

DARKENED WINDOWS *Helen G. Jefferson*

Though windows darkened,
she had seen fall leaves flaming
scarlet and saffron.
When her shutters were fastened,
when night came, their fire gave light.

TIME FOR LEARNING *Sue LaVerne Christian*

Time for knowing a lovely child;
Time for listening to a wee child in thought,
And remembering when my Father taught
Me to love all nature had brought.
Without the help of God's hand in mine
Perhaps this lovely child would not be mine.

A little bird I am
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

But though my wing is closely bound
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls can not control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

QUIETISM

Bess Foster Smith

No doubt there was much more occasion to learn the quiet art of enduring one's hardships back in the seventeenth century. However, there was not the freedom to express one's thoughts or preach some way-out way of life such as we are privileged to do today if we do not like the establishment. When Madame Guyon (1646-1727) began to spread her doctrine of "Quietism" in France, she was locked in prison. Altogether she spent twelve years there.

Quietism meant the complete submission of self through meditation to the will of God. It was a belief that good would come out of every problem one is forced to face. "Lie low in the Lord's hand, for He dwells in all things." "All is good; our part is to lead a life of holiness, wholeness, and harmony and

by so doing we will attract a power for good unto ourselves." "It will never be granted by striving like fury." Truths such as these Madame Guyon taught, and her words were received like cool water in a desert.

She was becoming known beyond her own province as she went from town to town with her message. The women, especially, flocked to hear her.

Madame Guyon's non-contormity made the guardians of the dogmatic religious teachings of the times feel insecure. "What will become of us?" they might have asked, "if no one should need a priest or bishop to absolve them from sin? What of law and order if the authority of the church is not upheld?" They had to prevent the spreading of such words of heresy.

So Madame Guyon's words of quieting comfort and faith were stilled.

While she was in prison, one of her frequent visitors was Francois Fenelon, a bishop much in favor at court. He came at first because it was his duty to visit the sick and imprisoned. But after seeing Madame Guyon and listening to her inspiring words, he came purposely to hear more and to reflect on the wisdom and piety of this gracious woman.

Strangely enough, Francois Fenelon later found himself on the prison board of examiners when Madame Guyon's name came up. He spoke for her release, saying, "I find no fault in her." So Madame Guyon was released to go her way for some time.

But Francois Fenelon, who had been counselor of kings and tutor to royalty, was demoted. He was sent to a small country parish where his decisions in matters of state would be of little consequence.

It proved to be the best way for him. In the country he had time to meditate and live the good life among people he loved and who loved him. He was able to say, "In the light of eternity we shall see that what we desired would have been fatal to us, and what we would have avoided was essential to our well

being." Instead of bemoaning his fate, he found "good in evil and hope in ill-success."

In one of his essays Fenelon writes on the wonders of the mind: "My brain is a kind of book that arranges its information in an order I did not contrive—I seem to see with an inward eye, that which I read all arranged with such ease; neither chance nor art of man could make such a book as the brain. The art of man is too imperfect to ever reach so high a perfection." And he concludes: "I have a divine power over a work I am unacquainted with; through it, as if it were a deity, my will rules my body, even the most subtle and nicest springs of it."

In her later years, although in and out of prison, Madame Guyon spent her time among the sick and poor. Never again did she meet the man who had been her benefactor.

Nor did Francois Fenelon have a chance to contact her who had led him to become both great and good.

ENDINGS *Pollyanna Sedziol*

Infancy
becomes
childhood
becomes
adolescence
becomes
youth
becomes
adulthood
becomes
maturity
becomes
age
and
neither Pooh nor my children
understood why I cried
when we came to the
Enchanted Place.

AH - HADI

Fitz-Hugh Ball Marshall

Ahadi was raised by the rules of an orthodox Turk.
This son of the Prophet had read the Koran, through and through.
The Rules of Mohammed were right, and all Islam must work
To follow the Prophet in all things that grown men must do!

He pondered the doctrine at night when the stars were all out.
He heard the monsoon and siroccos that seep in the soul.
Each dawn saw the end of uncertainty, weakness and doubt;
The stars and the crescent forever pursue the same goal.

Maturing, he led the great camel trains over the sand
And rested by day, in the shades of the palmy lagoon,
Where was found an oasis and rest the Creator had planned.
Then he travelled again by the stars and the light of the moon.

At three score and ten, he was now a Mohammedan sage;
More than 900 times the moon had completed its course.
The young men came asking because of his wisdom and age
For advice so sublime it must come of a sanctified source.

He said, "Do not wait till thy chest has been covered with hair.
Do not wait to know more than the Prophet has ever been told.
Be strong in the Faith, surrendering not to despair.
Keep thine integrity clean, through the years yet unrolled.

"Remember the dirk you received at the ripe age of ten
And the bright crimson sash, with the knot that would not
let it fall.

It was then you were made a Mohammedan man among men,
With a dirk and a soul to keep clean though the Heavens
should fall.

"When you were invested, you stood in the Mosque, at high noon,
You swore not to tarnish but keep your integrity clear—
That until you were dead and had heard the last final monsoon,
You would strike your last blow for what Allah and Islam hold dear.

"There is no living man can defile thee, nor tarnish thy soul.
Integrity can not be lost, except by consent.
All the deep sands of sin about thee forever may roll
And tarnish thee not, if thou shall refuse to relent.

"Remember, that Allah requires a clean dirk returned,
All shiny and bright, if for thee a reward shall be earned.
The muzzein, who calls from on high, at the tall minaret,
Will daily remind thee of what thou shalt never forget!"

DAY OF GRACE *Jaye Giammarino*

A crisis
is like winter's wailing wind;
it turns
without permission
and we have
a thaw.

AMERICAN PSALM OF THANKSGIVING

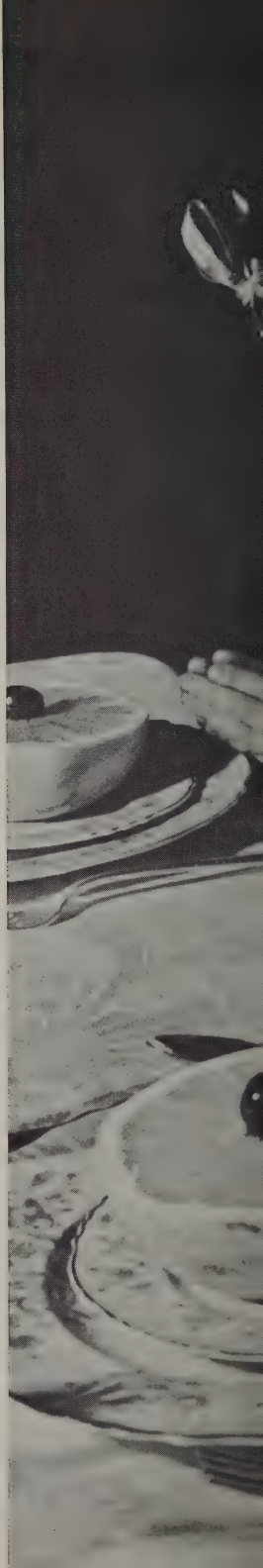
Sylvia J. Halse

Let us give thanks unto the Lord,
Let us praise him to all nations,
For his steadfast love endures forever.

He heard our cry of anguish
in the land far over the sea.
He delivered us from bondage
and brought us to a new land.
For his steadfast love endures forever.

He heard our cry of anguish
in the new land
and he delivered us from the yoke of bondage.
Let us give thanks unto the Lord
For his steadfast love endures forever.

But we turned our hearts from him
in the land of plenty.
We brought other people here in bondage,
and they cried unto the Lord
to be set free from their yoke.



Then the Lord broke our land in two
to set his people free.
Let us give thanks unto the Lord
For his steadfast love endures forever.

But we still had turned our hearts
from him in this land of plenty
and we found others to put our yoke upon.
Those who labored cried out to him
and he heard their plea.
He gave them strength and set them
against their masters until justice was done.
Let us give thanks unto the Lord
For his steadfast love endures forever.

And yet in this land of plenty
we forgot his statues.
We turned our ears from his voice.
Many people of our nation cried out
to him from their tribulations.
We were deaf and could not hear.
He gave them voice and strength
and still we could not hear.
He gave them awesome power of destruction
and then we saw, and then we heard.

Lord, you have opened our eyes, ears, hearts and minds
to know that we all are your people.
Many of us repent yet many of us still forget.
Keep us ever mindful of your will in this land;
For we give thanks to Thee, O Lord,
that your steadfast love endures forever.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

Minnie M. Bauer

My dear, you have asked me several times about your grandparents, my mother and father. Now in my senior years, before my mind goes into oblivion due to the ravages of old age, let me record for you as I recall. . . .

Mother was born in Posen, Poland, a province then of Germany, in 1853. Her youth was not a happy one, as her mother died early in life; shortly after, she and her two brothers were under the care of a not too charitable stepmother. In her teens, her thoughts turned to the great land across the sea, America, as two of her aunts had gone there years before and were living at New London, Wisconsin. She had letters now and then from her Aunt Mary. One day the letter of all letters came. Her aunt asked her to come to the land of opportunity and sent her money for her steamship ticket, also for the railroad. So she packed up her belongings in a small trunk (which I still have) and she was off on the real adventure.

Father was born in Bavaria, Germany, in 1849. When he reached his teen years, he was worried much about Germany's army draft procedure. He did not want to go to the army, so he talked it over with an uncle of his. His uncle did not approve of conscription, either. He took the matter up secretly with some officials, and they got Father out of the country and on his way to the land of freedom. He also came to New London, to live with his sister Margaret Schmidt, who had come to the U. S. a few years earlier.

So there, in Wisconsin, Father and Mother met. She said it seemed like love at first sight. Their first date was to a New Year Eve dance, and it rained all night but they did not know what it did. Not too long after, they were married and set out on life's journey together. Their first home was a two-room cabin on the

edge of a large forest near Green Bay. They had very little to do with. Mother said when their first guest called on them, she wished to serve the lady some coffee, but she had nothing to make it in, only a battered-up old iron kettle. Father did day labor, and it was difficult to get. Three children were born in that log cabin. Then their thoughts turned to the west again, to the open plains of Nebraska. Father's brother George had gone there earlier, where for some time he rode the famous Pony Express from Kearny to Deadwood, South Dakota, carrying mail to the far-apart lonesome settlers. Then George filed a homestead claim for land near Holrege, and he lived there. He wrote to Father of the great opportunities in Nebraska, where land could be had for nothing, with the possibility of much to be acquired and accomplished. Then again they packed up their meager belongings and with the three small children set out for another new land to seek their fortune in the great open spaces of the Middle West. They went by train to Hastings, Nebraska; while waiting there for transportation to the southern part of the state, they stayed at a hotel. There Mother met a young woman, a Mrs. McCarty, who gave her a very glowing description of a nice valley farther north, where they had established a home. Mrs. McCarty had come to Hastings to see her husband, who at that particular time was helping to build the Union Pacific Railroad.

Mother and Father went on to Holrege, but they never forgot about the little valley to the north. In the fall of that year, Father decided he must go and see that valley. He rode horseback for days to Broken Bow and out to the valley, now known as Dale. He looked it over and thought it really was the land he had longed for, the place of his dreams. So he filed a homestead claim to a choice quarter section of land. In the spring he returned to Dale Valley and, with the help of the other settlers then there, put up a little one-room sod shanty, as they were called at that time. He also dug a well. Then he returned to Holrege and, in June, great was the excitement of getting ready for the long trek to the land of promise. They outfitted a covered wagon to travel in. Uncle George bought them a team of horses and gave them two cows. Mother often spoke

of that momentous journey. They met difficulties, sometimes the trail was not too clear to follow, they had to ford the Platte River, some hills were steep to make, the weather was warm, the children were restless. But they finally made it; on the Fourth of July. As they were going along, Father stopped the team and very excitedly said, "There it is! There it is!" as he looked off into the distance, Mother asked him what he saw, and he replied, "Our new home, of course." She looked, and on the far horizon she sighted a dark object which was the sod shanty. When they drove up to it, she said she could not describe her feelings; she felt afraid, lonely, heartsick. They moved in what they could out of the wagon. That night complete despair overtook her; she went out of doors, looked to the east, and saw a light in another sod house, and it gave her hope for the future. In the morning she looked again to the east, and there she saw a woman coming through the tall grass. It was Mrs. Woods, the first neighbor to call on them. That afternoon the other settlers, the Downeys, the Couhigs, the Krenzs, the McCartys all came. New settlers were thoroughly welcomed. Mother said from then on she was not lonely or disheartened; it was the great adventure, there would be trials, primitive living, hard times, but she knew the pioneer would persevere and conquer this new, untamed land.

They did not live long in the little sod house; then the large house was put up. Building these sod houses was like laying bricks; the sod was cut by a special plow, and turned over, it was a certain thickness, then cut into lengths and laid up like bricks. On the inside it was plastered smoothly. The real early ones had dirt floors, later lumber was brought in. Father's new house was a very commodious dwelling, the center room was big, to serve for a dining room, also for a living room; to the north of it were two oblong bedrooms, one for the boys, one for the girls; to the south was a large square room, Mother and Father's bedroom; to the east was another large room, the kitchen. Living was taking on a better atmosphere in every aspect. Father started freighting in, by team and wagon, supplies from Kearny—for himself and the other settlers. A new well, a drilled one, was put

down by Mr. Krenz; it was pumped by hand. Sometime later windmills of the present type were brought in. More sod was turned under, making a very rich tillable soil in which to plant various crops. More stock, cattle, hogs, and horses were acquired.

As most of the settlers in the valley were Catholic, their first concern was their religion; and a priest came from Grand Island once a month to say mass. Services were held in the Couhig home. Then Father, Mr. Couhig, and Mr. McCarty went to see the Bishop about building a church in the valley. He heartily agreed, plans were made, and the large Dale Church was erected. When it was completed, the Bishop granted them a resident pastor. This church served the needs of a very large section of the state for many years. Father freighted in all the lumber for the church. These freighting trips took him away from home, but Mother didn't mind as the boys were growing old enough to help.

So life went on, progressing and getting better year after year. More settlers moved in; a store was started at Dale, making it easier to get supplies. And the Dale post office was established. Seven more children were born in the big sod house; I, the last in 1896. What a wonderful family life it was. There was one sadness, though, in 1887, when little Teresa died. Mother said she was such a lovely little girl, such a sweet baby; she certainly made one of the fairest little angels in heaven.

I recall much of living in that house; the front doorsteps where Leo and I played; the wide window ledges where we could sit and see everything both in and out; the large amount of company we had for meals; all the cooking that was done in the big kitchen; the music that permeated all, for Father played his accordion and his organ well, and he sang such gay songs. I remember how sad Mother was when Anna was the first to leave home, when she married in 1900.

In 1906 the ultimate dream—for emigrants from Germany—came to a starting point; they started building their last and final house and home. It was a very large frame building. It had seven bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen, a utility room, bathroom, three porches, and part basement. It had water in the

house by means of two pumps (later a pressure system) and a hot water furnace. For that time in the valley it really was a very palatial home. They started living in it in 1907; and for a large family it was supreme; the best of furnishings; all conveniences to be had at that time; very spacious places and room for everybody and everything; and, as usual, much music everywhere, the piano in the living room, the organ that had held the focal point in the sod house relegated to the big bedroom upstairs, and the old accordion, a banjo, a violin, and a little Swiss music box that played sweet songs. There was good wholesome living then;Father had purchased two more farms, so he and my brothers were heavy farm operators; crops were excellent.

But there must be joy in life, and there must be sorrow in life; and sorrow came in 1908. In the spring of that year John died, a young man in his twenties, and in the fall Theodore died. George moved on to his own farm. In 1909 Sister Genevieve (Mathilda) left home never to return. In 1914 Leo left to seek his fortune out in the world. In 1915 Frank, the only one left at home to help, was also called by the Lord to leave this earthly home. I recall Mother saying at that time, "For what did we build the big house?" And Father as usual said, "O Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done." Living had to go on.

In 1919 Father was called to his eternal rest; he was such a far-seeing man. He was remembered by all for his charity, his good will, his music, and his gay songs.

Mother lived on for years; she had every comfort that life could provide. The big house seemed so empty, just Mother, Agnes (part time), and I there. In 1930 Agnes moved to her own home. The old house kept up appearances, it welcomed everyone very heartily, there was still much company there.

In her advanced years Mother yearned for the true goal in life, to be with the Master Divine. Every time an old pioneer heard the Master's Call and passed on, Mother would be sure to say, "Now Mrs. Woods (or Mrs. McCarty) is gone, and here I am, still here." But in May, 1937, the Master Divine did call her to eternal rest. And the old house was still forever, just memories

left, memories that echoed throughout the spacious rooms, up and down the big hall.

Remember, my dear, your grandparents were among the immortal pioneers who helped to establish our nation and build it into the eminent land that it is today, with many privileges for all of us. A land of freedom, that the emigrants of many lands sought out and found, and where they lived lives of usefulness, according to their highest ideals.

"Memories are so precious
Of our loved ones gone before,
In God's good time, we will meet them,
On that longed for Eternal shore."

DIVINE MANIFESTATION *Jaye Giammarino*

I see Him in the tossed hair of clouds.
Wrapped in a sunbeam He appears thin
as a candle-flame...
I see Him bright-eyed among the stars.
Day and night He rides the wind;
His voice splits the sky like a blast
sounded from the angel's horn;
and then, silent as the poor
He is the moon.

The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.
—Locke

RESURRECTION OF THE SPIRIT

AS A PANACEA

Francis Merchant

Part Two

(Part One of this article appeared in the August issue)

A seed may lie dormant for a thousand years if favoring conditions do not produce germination. Equally so, the spirit in man may sleep for a lifetime if it is never called into action. At a time of great stress a man may reach beyond the customary periphery of material considerations and touch an unexplored dimension of consciousness. In the concentration camps of the Second World War, for example, some persons succeeded in tapping reserves of strength that enabled them to rise above the harsh conditions of life to which they had been condemned.

The resurrection of the spirit involves the tapping of a reservoir of unused energies, of calling into activity some of the powers that often remain dormant in consciousness, of registering impressions to which a person may be normally unresponsive. It is as if there were several octaves in man; for example, physical sight has its octave correspondence as psychological insight, and its still higher symbolic expression as spiritual perception. An act on the physical level may have a psychological meaning and a spiritual purpose. It may also happen that a spiritual aspiration may have physical reverberations. Inner changes produce significant outer effects, but environmental regroupings, of and by themselves, do not necessarily result in equivalent inner modifications.

Some persons live in the world of events, but others prefer to live in the world of ideas, that is, in a far more subtle domain. The mystic achieves a different dimensional focus by responding to the delicate energies that produce rapture and ecstasy. The potencies of the spirit, unless sought for earnestly, will remain unregistered and unrecorded. Self-will can be a granite barrier on which the finest forces impinge with no effect. Scholars and writers most diligently search for ideas, but those who seek to become aware of spiritual impulses must be even more assiduous in their difficult quest. The scientist pursues matter until it becomes invisible in the atom, and cosmic rays until they are lost in outer space. The searcher for spiritual essences must weave an exceedingly fine net with which to catch them. The exploration of the continent of the spirit is a venture of which the exploration of the Earth is but a symbol.

In order to resurrect the spirit, we must first become aware of its existence. This may occur in various ways. Some persons become responsive to the domain of essence by meditation; others by prayer; still others by invocation at times of severe crisis and upheaval. At moments of high tension the person who finds every passage blocked may call upon an invisible source for aid, and be answered according to the measure of his need. It is not necessary to wait until catastrophe stares us in the face before we invoke the ameliorative impetus of the spirit.

What we seek to do in resurrecting the spirit concerns the reshaping of life in terms of a transformative purpose. If we view the heavens on a starry night, we are dimly aware that the mechanism of the universe is sustained by an incomprehensible Will that prescribes the evolution of solar systems. It is this Will that we seek to apprehend, in some faint measure at least, for it is the noumena behind all phenomena. To conform our human purposes to this greater Will is to achieve the resurrection experience.

THE assumption underlying such statements is that man, de-

spite his littleness, is of the same essence as the initiating power that creates and sustains untold universes in space. It is another way of expressing the theory that the microcosm mirrors the macrocosm. Even conceiving this possibility may yield insights and produce changes in consciousness.

How, then, can the microcosm attune itself to the macrocosm? How can the note sounded by the one harmonize with that of the other? How can the precipitation we know as man fulfill the purpose of the originating Source? These are all definitions of the resurrection of the spirit.

Such an achievement outlines a quest of large dimensions —a quest that lends greatness and dignity to human strivings. Even failure tn this endeavor is noble. It is an attempt to make manifest on Earth the Will that shines in stars and suns, to express in some slight measure, however imperfectly, the purpose that keeps the planets orbitally whirling in space.

The ladder that leads to this goal has many rungs. The purification of the will should be a primary objective. This should go hand in hand with the cultivation of the imagination. In addition to this, the spirit or shaping essence must be invoked. The art of anchoring that higher purpose in the foundations of the material world can then be attempted.

Self-will is an assertion of the ego in defiance of the macrocosmic purpose. The individual, generally speaking, follows the bent of his own desires, seeks the gratification of his own wishes, works for the achievement of his own small ends. It is no wonder, then, that so many people reach an impasse and feel a profound sense of disappointment even when they have succeeded in their objectives. The modern concept of freedom as the pursuit of self-will can do little to alter the condition of man for the better.

Purification of the will involves the burning away of the petty purposes that govern the activities of vast numbers of people. Viewed in this light, much of what our civilization prides itself on is fundamentally inconsequential. The amassment of wealth, the acquisition of possessions, the gaining of power for

self-aggrandizement—all this is peripheral rather than central. When these drives result in self-centeredness, they simply shut the individual more securely in his own little prison. In this self-woven cocoon, he often unwittingly sets himself in opposition to the macrocosmic will. Quite conceivably, the entire experiment called mankind has been initiated in order to discover whether human beings can learn to cooperate with the universe or whether they will prefer to remain in their own isolation. Perhaps hell may be defined as cosmic uselessness. A person who develops conceit when he should acquire wisdom has made himself unfit to be a cooperator with universal powers in the evolution of the universe. To accomodate such individuals there may be a cosmic dustbin—a less glamorous place than the hell about which theologians discourse so eloquently. Just as we have asylums for persons who live in society but cannot live up to their responsibilities, so there may be similar realms for those who are too self-centered to assume a cooperative role in the universe.

THE PURIFICATION of the will may be achieved in various ways. Suffering and pain often serve as instruments of purging. Reflection may also be a means, as it was in the case of the Prodigal Son, who found that his self-prescribed path brought neither happiness nor fulfillment. An inner experience changed Saint Paul so markedly that the will to persecute Christians was transformed into the will to serve the cause they espoused. The entire question of conversion centers about the reformation of the will, that is, the redirection of life intention. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner was converted by the beauty of the phosphorescent water snakes as they coiled and swam near the ship. From a pleasure-loving young man Saint Francis was changed into an ascetic when religious convictions took root in his mind. Any experiences that cause an individual to chart his course by a different star may burn out the dross of self-will.

Another means of purifying the will is resistance to evil. By opposing wrong, wisely and courageously, a man may define

the directional flow of his will, and so determine whether he is self-serving or soul-serving. One purpose for the existence of evil is that good men should learn to oppose it. From this struggle a treasure may be gathered.

IN TRYING to assess the role of man in the universe, our age suffers from a striking failure of the imagination. We must go back to Greek mythology to find a view of the world that relates man creatively to the cosmos. The planets were regarded by the Greeks as entities with human traits. These space-beings were directing intelligences who influenced the course of events and wielded universal powers. Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, and Mars, for example, were identifiable as individuals, yet they had transcended the human estate. They represented a higher stage of evolutionary development. Mythology records that exemplary persons—Hercules is a case in point—were placed after death among the stars. The sun was Apollo; the dawn, Aurora; and the rainbow, Iris. A Greek philosopher wrote, "Men are mortal gods; and gods immortal men." In a world so conceived, the universe has a human quality. The seeds of divinity lie buried in human nature, and the fire of earthly experience may cause them to germinate. It is a universe responsive to governing intelligences, and the twinkling of a star is but the pulsatory heartbeat of a cosmic entity whose essential nature is revealed in radiating light. The task of man, considered from this standpoint, is to cooperate with these great beings, to fulfill their will and intention. The choice offered man is either rejection or acceptance of the blueprints of eternity. Opposing the larger vision, he will be bludgeoned and cudgeled by fate. Cooperating with the greater intention of cosmic purpose, man becomes a co-creator with the governing powers of the universe. The destiny of the human race is linked with the will to cooperate or the will, in stubborn self-assertiveness, to oppose. Such a view of the universe lends meaning to the struggle of man on this planet. It adds constructive purpose to the drama of human experience. Here, then, is a vision of life to stir the imagination and to enlarge the dimensions of human striving.

Christian doctrine points in this direction, too, but the influence of tradition has been sharply eroded. A materialistic science, even though it has but a thimbleful of knowledge, presumes to make judgments about the illimitable universe. Theological postulates—the existence of angels and archangels, the seven spirits before the throne of God, the choice between heaven and hell—have lost their pristine appeal. Science tends to pre-empt the fields of theology and philosophy, even though the laboratory presents us with but a few bones of information about the vast encompassing universe. The creative imagination may leap forward to a truth to which logic limps at a much slower pace. Verification in consciousness may precede evidential fact, just as poetic values may appeal to the heart rather than to the analytical and logic-insistent head.

If we assume that matter is the lowest precipitation of spirit, the latter is given a role of central importance. Instead of forever seeking material solutions to our problems, we will approach them from a different direction. Considering matter as a cause, we will invoke the latter to influence the former. We shall therefore seek to deal with causes rather than with effects. Instead of saying that all solutions are material, we shall say that they are spiritual. In this process we proceed from the invisible to the visible, from the intangible to the tangible, from the subtle to the gross. There is warrant for such a procedure. When we use thought, a quantity so impalpable that instruments to measure it are unavailable, to effect material changes, we give precedence to essence over substance.

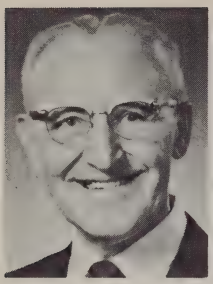
When we do not call forth the spirit, it remains potential and dormant. Energies that could have transforming power are frozen into immobility. Stirring into activity the sleeping powers of consciousness is a task to tax the imagination. How this can be accomplished becomes a quest that involves experimentations, meditation, and devoted persistence. The very attempt to find spiritual solutions to the manifold problems of human existence establishes a new focus of striving. It is an approach to issues that can yield creative results.

THE ASSUMPTION is made that the potencies of spirit, if applied, could produce significant effects and change the psychological climate in which we live. In connection with any particular problem under consideration, there must be careful inner searching to purify the intention of self-will and self-aggrandizement. The aim should not be personal advantage, but cooperation with what we conceive to be the larger purposes of life. At this point we enlist the aid of the creative imagination. We may visualize the imperfect condition transformed by light and in light into the perfect pattern of the conceived ideal. Again, we may imagine darkness being dissipated by a projection of mental light. More specifically, we may try to establish a line of light that joins the source in spirit to the effect in matter. Invocations may then be used so that transforming energy may flow along the line of light that has been visualized. For example, we may affirm, "Let the outer condition be transformed in the image of the inner ideal," or, "Let the spirit reshape matter in the divine intention." Other invocations may be devised appropriate to specific occasions.

The entire process is not very complicated, but experimenters are needed who will seek to demonstrate the effectiveness of the methods described. The anchoring of spiritual ideals in the mold of form is a perennial task presented to the human race in every age. In this fashion the Word becomes flesh and the idea finds expression in form. The lamp of the spirit thus shines in the temple of matter as the seed germinates in the darkness of the earth.

Speculating on these matters, we find new horizons opening before us. The study of matter has brought us many blessings, but the calling forth of the spirit will yield even greater treasures. The day will yet come when man comprehends his role as a citizen of the universe and cooperates with the powers of cosmos in the evolution of worlds.

What you have inherited from your fathers you must earn for yourself before you can call it yours. —Goethe



In 1961, the Reverend Henry J. Gernhardt, Sr., of Twin Falls, Idaho, wrote and asked to know more about the Fellowship. He has been a member—and active contributor—ever since, serving as an Advisor from the Western Zone. FIP has a lot of admiration for his remarkable vigor and a lot of gratitude for his continuing use of it in our behalf. Recovered from a serious illness, Reverend Gernhardt recently remarried and sent in the article below.

THE WAY OF UNDERSTANDING

Pertinent observations along the trail of a fifty-year ministry

Henry J. Gernhardt, Sr.

"It is through understanding that the unknown becomes known and then one's own."

This is the day, TODAY, in which all of life is focused. It is the First Day of the rest of your life. Make good use of it. In it recognize thy God, know thyself, and love thy neighbor.

"O Lord, I wake to see Thy light,
and live another day;
To do my work, lift someone's woe,
I pray show me Thy way."

This day is all of life within thy grasp. It is filled with sights and sounds, impositions and opportunities, privileges and responsibilities. It will be just what you make of it. You hold

the golden key to this vault of riches, treasures transcending computation.

Begin the day with God. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up as eagles. they shall run and not weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Perhaps obstacles shall confront you, slow you down or bring you to a sudden halt. Don't panic, make a stand. Learn, "The things that seem to oppose you are not enemies to destroy you. They are teachers, trainers, coaches to develop you."

Each new day is an adventure, an opportunity to make discoveries and to increase your store of wisdom, knowledge and understanding. An exciting new world lies out before you in each and every crack of dawn. You have never passed this way before. Permit the thrill of adventure to arouse your tempo for the day.

Learn to greet everyone as a real person in their own right. Help them to feel that they really are somebody of great value, a creation of God, a child of God, a member of a great family. Learn to listen to others. They know something also. You can share in understanding.

Learn to appraise situations, understand people. In quietness possess your soul. Think things through.

"It is through understanding that the unknown becomes known and then one's own."

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GOD STILL IS MASTER *Josepha Murray Emms*

Confusion casts a shadow on the world
And hides its future under stones of gloom;
Men wonder whether hope will be unfurled
In time, or life become a voiceless tomb.
To some, the hour is evil and the dove
Of peace lies prostrate on the ground in death.
They seek relief in bizarre pleasures, glove
Their securities with tauted breath.
But others, mindful of the facts, refuse
To lend their thoughts to such a painful theme;
They follow their routine, avoid the news,
Encased within a sweet Lethean dream.
But men of faith know evil will disperse...
God still is Master of His universe.

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